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The State University of Kentucky

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No. 15

STORY NO. 1

THIS IS SMITH'S FIRST STORY OF
HIS DISAPPEARANCE.

"I haven't the least idea in the world why I was kidnaped," declared Smith. "I had only been at Lexington a short while and had not an enemy in the world that I knew of. I had returned from college and was at the boarding house of Mrs. Frances E. Beauchamp. I had gone to my room and left my books and took my watch from my pocket and placed it on the table. It was just getting dark and I went out in the rear yard to get a pile of kindling. I wanted to start a fire in my room. Just before I reached the pile of shingles I saw four young men. They seemed to be disguised. Before I knew what they were doing they grabbed me. All that I remember is that I smelled some kind of a drug and then I lost consciousness. How long I remained in this condition I will never be able to tell.

"When I partially regained consciousness, I was in a box car and the train was moving. The four men were still with me but it was dark and I could not distinguish their features. It must have been some time the next day when I was turned over to six other men, who seemed to be older than my kidnapers. The other four left us. We continued to ride on a freight train for some time, and then left it at some place unknown to me. The six men secured horses, at times making me walk, and then again when they were in a hurry allowing me to ride. We went for miles through a forest. All of this time I had no idea where I was being taken. At last we reached the hills, covered with a dense forest.

"We came to a cave in the side of a mountain, and the men dismounted and ordered me to go inside. My arms were tied for about a week, but when I made no complaint and offered no resistance the ropes were removed and I was allowed to go about the cave. The six men remained pretty closely about the cave. Two of them were always there watching every move I made. Sometimes two or three of them would go away and remain all day. They carried Winchester rifles and carried two revolvers.

"Why do you keep me here? I
(Continued on page 6)

STORY NO. 2

The Second Series of Wandering
Weary Willie's Novels, as Told
By His Brother.

"I knew the story told by my brother at Owensboro was not true, and so did everybody else, I suspect. So, when I met him here this morning, I demanded the truth, knowing that that was the only way of ever getting the matter straightened out. He at first said that he had told the truth in Owensboro, but I insisted he had not, and then he told me the whole story.

"He said when he first came to college at Lexington, this being his first term at any big school, he was approached by members of a certain fraternity, the name of which I will not give, and asked to become a member.

"For some reason he did not care to join, and then his trouble began. I did not know what occurred, but there were several times when things did not go right with him, he said. Then the matter culminated when he received an unsigned note warning him that unless he joined this fraternity at once, he must never appear on the campus at the University again, on pain of injury.

"Instead of coming to me with this statement, he says he thought it would worry me; so he kept it to himself and said nothing to anyone. A few days passed and then he disappeared. He says that on the night he left Mrs. Beauchamp's home, he had decided he could not stand the threats at the University any longer, but had not made up his mind where to go.

"On that day he had received a warning note to appear at the University that night for initiation. He had decided that he would not be forced into joining the fraternity, so he decided to leave college and city. On the night of Sept. 22, he says he put on his oldest suit of clothing, and then left his watch and most of his money on the table in a room. He only retained enough money to buy a ticket to Cincinnati, to which city he had determined to go first. He says he left the money and watch to repay me for certain expenses I had incurred for him, and he did not care to cause me to lose anything.

(Continued on page 6)

HISTORY OF IT

HERE IS THE STORY OF PROD-
GAL SMITH'S DISAPPEAR-
ANCE.

He left his boarding place, the home of Mrs. Frances E. Beauchamp, on the night of Tuesday, Sept. 22, just after supper. Before leaving he changed his school clothes and put on an old suit in which he was in the habit of doing chores, and a heavy pair of shoes. His brother, Ernest, was the last man to talk with him and he says that the youth appeared in good spirits when he left the house. He had in his clothes somewhere from \$2 to \$5, but left in care of his brother a larger amount. His watch was left on the table in his room and his school clothing were placed where he could reach them easily the following morning.

He did not return that night and inquiries were made the next day by his brother, who fully expected to find that he had spent the night with friends. Not much notice was taken of the case for the first three or four days, and the police were not notified to take the case until four days after his disappearance. Detectives, police and the faculty of State University and friends of the missing man all joined in the search for him.

Many different theories were put forward. The one which attracted the most attention was that he was carried away in an empty box car, and that he was traveling over the country, bound and gagged, with no way to escape. The foundation for this was that a boy overheard the conversation of some State University students, who were talking of the hazing of Smith. The boy said that they made this statement about the box car. He said that they supposed the young man would be taken out the next morning, but after he had gone they were afraid to come forward and confess.

Superintendent Rickey, of the C. N. O. & T. P. Railway, said that this was possible, but he did not think it probable, as a watchman looks into each empty car that leaves the yards.

After all the buildings of State University had been searched, some thought that he left the city of his own accord. They said that he was

(Continued on page 6)

OUR SAY

THE WAY WE FEEL ABOUT THE
MATTER.

The reason Mr. Smith gives for leaving so unexpectedly is that some fraternity (he generously refuses to state which) was so anxious to have him as a member that they said they would offer violence to him if he did not become a fraternal brother. Yes, very likely. This is the usual method for fraternities to obtain their members.

The Idea challenges Mr. Smith to name the fraternity which was so anxious to have him as a member. Mr. Smith will not likely divulge the name of this fraternity, as he would have to accuse somebody of flesh and blood instead of the phantoms he has accused so far.

All we have to do now is to sit down and await the next two stories of Mr. Smith, which will no doubt be as interesting as the first two. We are convinced that he will give two more stories. The third story he gives will be false like the rest, but nearer the truth than the others. The fourth story will be the true one. Until Mr. Smith thinks it worth while to publish his fourth story, we must remain ignorant of the real cause he had for leaving college. This cause may be a trivial one, such as being tired of the work he had to perform and the restraint under which he was put, a puppy love affair, some deed he had committed of which he was ashamed, or inability to keep up in his studies.

The cause may be more serious than any of these, which we sincerely hope is not true, but we await with expectancy the fourth story of Mr. Smith.

We know that we agree with the whole college, when we say that we are very glad to hear that Mr. Smith is back; not that we have gained anything, but that the general public and the newspapers are convinced that no college student, especially at State, would forget himself and slay a brother traveler on the road of higher learning.

We don't blame the newspapers for publishing the different theories advanced. We know how hard it is to obtain good news; you mayn't be
(Continued on page 6)

THE IDEA

The Idea

Published Every Thursday by the Student Body of the State University of Kentucky, and Devoted to Their Interests.

Not full of tiresome technicalities, but of real interesting University news. Not devoted to any one class, to any one department, nor to any section or society, but to every boy and girl in our great University.

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THE IDEA WELCOMES YOU BACK.

The Idea is glad to see your smiling and cauldish faces back once more, and we know that you are glad to get back to take up your studies, to get the League started, to go back to drilling, to exercise the animals especially the Jacks to wander around the campus hand in hand with,—now stop your blushing, I am not going to tell on you,—and best of all, to read the Idea again:

How hard it was for us to leave mother, the black cake, and the chores that the folks at home had saved up for us ever since we left last September; and that reminds me, fellows, you see when I am at home I sleep with little Willie. Willie is my brother, and thinks that anything he hears he must repeat to the family as soon as possible.

Well, the night I got home I slept with darling Willie. The next morning, during the blessing at breakfast, I could see that Willie had something on his mind or I should say, in his head, for he was twisting in his chair as it in a hurry for something. As soon as pa-pah finished the "Make us truly thankful," Willie started in. "Oh, Pa-pah, hesays, "Brother had a dream last night." At this I sat up and took notice, for I did not know what I might have unwittingly told the little dearest in my sleep. Continue William: "Pa-pah, he must have dremp of some girl in Lexington, for he was talking of some hand he held. He said that it was covered with diamonds, and how glad he was to hold it in his hand, and how much it brought him, and how he would like to hold another one like it." At this I ducked behind my napkin. Pa-pah started in on me: "You sly dog," he says, "I've been to State myself, and I know how pretty the girls there are,—there and at Hagerman, Hamilton,

and all the rest of them. So she left you hold ner hand, did she?" And then mother started in giving me a lecture, the text of which was that I was too young to marry.

Fellows, I came near laughing in their faces, and when I went out to the stable to see Hagerman—he's my hunter—and he can take a five-bar fence as easily as a Freshman girl can take soda-water—I came very near crying, I laughed so much. You see the Guv'nor thought he had me. I heard him explaining to Willie as I went that it's mighty fine to hold a girl's hand in a hammock in the shade of the moonlight while the birds are singing around you; and how it's a whole lot better to hold both of them, and some other stuff of which I am ignorant. Oh, I laugh about it now. You see I was dreaming of a royal diamond flush I had held in a poker game the night before I came home, and which brought me in enough money to pay my bill down at the flower store, but I didn't. Pa-pah was very knowing, wasn't he? Oh, yes. Say, boys, let's study. Where's the cork screw?

AFTER HOLIDAY SERMON.

We are back at our studies,—back after a long, restful, happy holiday, and ready to buckle down again to hard study.

The Christmas holiday has been beneficial to us all, and now we must make this term of work beneficial. This term that will pass so quickly and be forever gone, let us make it count. Let us make such progress towards our final success in life during the next three months, that we will ever remember it.

There are ample opportunities to improve ourselves in any way we desire. The wise will choose the best, and use them most advantageously. "There is a tide in the affairs of men

which taken at its flood leads on to fortune," etc. The tide is right, the time is ripe, and the hour is at hand. Study, fellow student; stud hard. Take a profligate's advice and make use of these moments of golden opportunity.

Million-dollar jobs await you. Posthumous and after-dinner fame are only awaiting for your name to be prefixed. You hold the world in your sling. Do not be satisfied, but grasp it with iron clutches and force it to yield to you all that it has of joy and happiness, and wealth and luxury. Knowledge is only incidental in 1909. There are few Solomons because there are few fools who wish for knowledge. Must the Old Man not have been a fool? Who would rather not enjoy the luxuries of a Rockefeller estate than to be the wise man who would know the dangers of enjoying them?

Away with the cranks that talk of the wedding art, of living for science, or of dying for a principle!

We are striving for a principle; we are after the dollar, and our engineering ability will be the means by which we shall accomplish our purpose. Who dare to say that we came to the University for anything other than to learn how to make money? To such the cry of the crowd is, "Let him be anathematized!" Dollar is King. All hail His Majesty! And let us all take advantage of our opportunities that we may become masters of the King—of the Sov reign—the Dollar!

Napoleon said, "He who rules within himself is more than a King." The 20th century Napoleon says, "He who has a million is more than a King."

So get a million. But if you will not—if you would rather be happy than rich; if you rather know Caesar and Virgil and Dante than be a millionaire,—all the same, take advantage of your opportunities; concentrate your energies; follow your inherent tastes, and be honest, and all will be well.

"All the world loves a lover," and all the world respects the master of his profession. So be master,—be master of your profession, and now is the time for you to become master.

Tomorrow it will be too late. Tomorrow you will be an "also-ran," and the world will label you "punk artist," "jack-leg," "third-rater," or some other despicable piece of human flesh that you alone know to be inappropriate and that you alone must bear.

BASKET BALL.

With Fox as Captain, and Barbee, Post and Shankland, all of whom are old men, and a large number of good new men to pick from, and more time than usual to practice, there is no reason why State should not have a championship basket ball team this year.

"Fatty" Mayes is certainly an admirer of "grass widows" and we all wonder why!

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Lexington, Ky.,, 1908. *

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* the season of school of 1908-9. *

* I wish 200 votes to be placed *

* to the credit of *

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* College..... *

* Send the paper to *

* Name..... *

* Address..... *

GREAT VICTORY

\$570,000 Appropriation Is Valid, says
Highest Court.

State Appellate Tribunal, by Unanimous
Decision, Picks to Pieces
Contention Set Up to Prevent Payment.

The State University and the State Normal Schools and the trustees of these institutions won a decisive victory over Governor Augustus E. Willson and State Auditor Frank P. James, on Dec. 20th, when the Court of Appeals, by unanimous vote of its members, upheld the constitutionality of the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, by the terms of which \$570,000 was appropriated for the advancement of education in Kentucky through the upbuilding of the University and the Normal Schools.

Largest Educational Appropriation.

The largest appropriation of public moneys ever made in Kentucky for educational purposes was held to have been made with full authority of the Constitution by the Legislature, in the comprehensive opinion of the court, which was handed down on the last day of the term.

Judge W. E. Settle wrote the opinion of the court, the full court having agreed in the findings reached. The Appellate Court's opinion sustains completely the judgment rendered by Judge Robert L. Stout, of the Circuit Court, that the act of the 1908 Legislature appropriating the lump sum of \$500,000 for the benefit of the State University at Lexington, and the two State Normal Schools, the Eastern, at Richmond, and the Western, at Bowling Green, has full authority of the constitution, and that the further annual appropriation of \$70,000 for the maintenance of the three institutions carried by the act is also valid, and must be paid.

One-third Sum is Due Now.

The court goes so far as to say that under the terms of the act one-third of the lump sum is due to the beneficiary institutions now, while the annual appropriation for the schools must also be paid for the current fiscal year.

Of the lump appropriation, the sum of \$200,000 is appropriated to the State University at Lexington, while the Normal Schools receive \$100,000 each. Of the annual maintenance fund provided for, the Western Normal at Bowling Green will receive \$30,000, while \$20,000 each goes to the Eastern Normal and the State University.

Brought in State Fiscal Court.

The actions which were finally decided by the Supreme Tribunal of the State were originally brought in the State Fiscal Court in Franklin county, the Boards of Trustees of the three institutions which are beneficiaries of the act, seeking a mandamus to compel the Auditor of Public Accounts to draw his warrant upon the State Treasurer for the amount

of the appropriations which had become due.

Auditor James advised with his colleagues of the State administration and declined to pay over the money to the schools until a test suit of the Legislative act had been carried through the courts. Judge Stout in the State Fiscal Court, held that the act was constitutional, and issued the mandamus against the Auditor, who brought the case to the Court of Appeals on appeal. The styles of the three cases at issue are James, Auditor, against the Board of Trustees of State University; same vs. Board of Trustees of the Eastern State Normal School, and same vs. Board of Trustees of Western State Normal School.

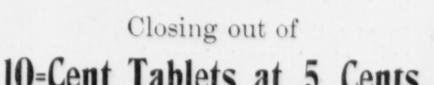
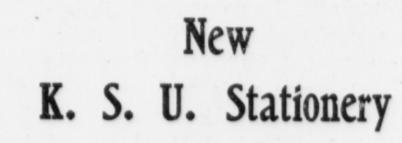
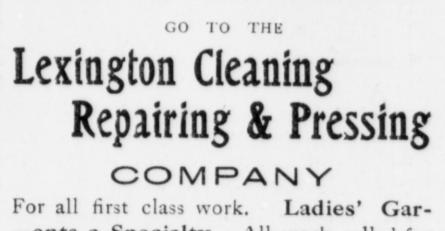
Why the Auditor Resisted.

The Auditor's resistance of the payments demanded was based on the ground that the act making the appropriation was unconstitutional: First, because the appropriations could not be made without submitting the matter to a vote of the people, as provided by Sec. 184 of the Constitution; Second, because the State University, in changing its name from the "Agricultural and Mechanical College" to "State University" had destroyed its identity as a State institution, and was no longer entitled to State aid; Third, that the Normal Schools are not named in the Constitution and are, therefore, not entitled, as State educational institutions, to financial assistance from the State; Fourth, that the payment of the appropriation to these several institutions, when added to the current annual expenses of running the State government and other appropriations made by the Legislature at the same session, would create a debt against the State of more than \$500,000 in excess of the total revenue for the year which, it was claimed, would be violative of Sections 49 and 50 of the Constitution.

Each of these contentions was exhaustively dealt with and successively refuted by the opinion. As to the fourth contention, which the opinion seemed to regard as the most serious one made by the Auditor, it was shown that there would be no such debt created and that no deficit at present exists as claimed; and that the State would be compelled to pay this year only the annual appropriation to each institution and to each a third of the lump appropriation, leaving the other two-thirds to be paid in 1909 and 1910. In brief, the decision is a complete victory for the State University and the Normal Schools.

How News Was Received.

Intelligence of the decision of the Court of Appeals in the question of the appropriations to the State University was received with much rejoicing by President James K. Patterson, the members of the Board of Trustees, the faculty and students. Of the \$500,000 lump sum appropriation, State University will receive \$200,000, to be used in the erection of (Continued on page 8)



THE IDEA

STORY NO. 1.

Continued from page 1.)
would often ask them, but they would not give me any answer. Time and again I told them that I had not done anything to any person in the world. They seemed to think that I knew something. On several occasions they tried to get me to drink drugs. I guess they thought I would talk if I drank what they gave me. The men were neatly dressed and used good language. They did not seem to be toughs. I never saw a paper from the time I left Lexington until I made my escape. In fact, I did not know where I was and had no idea about the time of the year. At first, I was closely watched by the men, but later on, when they saw that I made no attempt to escape, the guard over me at night was not maintained and all of the men went to sleep.

"Time and again I remained awake at night hoping for an opportunity to escape. The men did not treat me mean, but when I insisted on asking questions they threatened me. Sometimes I got two meals a day and then again only one. They would allow me to eat when they thought about it, I guess. On Monday night of this week I planned to escape. The men retired early and I remained awake, although I had removed my clothes. When I thought that the men were asleep I reached over and secured my coat and vest, a pair of trousers and this hat. The trousers and hat did not belong to me.

"Crawling inch by inch to the door, I gained the fresh air. I was afraid I would awaken the men if I attempted to ride one of the horses away. I tread lightly on the ground until I was out of hearing distance from the cave. Then I began to run. I ran until I was nearly exhausted, and stopped for rest a few minutes. Making my way forward again I came to a railroad track. It was then nearly daylight. I walked on the railroad track until I came to a station. I boarded the first train that came along and rode all day. It was not until I reached the State of Illinois that I knew that I had been in Wisconsin.

"I made my way to Henderson by asking questions of the railroad men. I did not tell anyone my name and didn't stop to get anything to eat. The first food I have had since Monday morning was a glass of milk I got this afternoon at the home of my sister. When I arrived at Henderson, I met my uncle, Carl Benton, who is a conductor on the Louisville & Nashville railroad. He gave me a dollar and I paid my fare to Owensboro. I want to say that I have not the slightest idea why I was kidnapped. I have told all the details of my experience and I never want to go through a like one."

STORY NO. 2.

Continued from page 1.)

"He says he left the home of Mrs. Beauchamp about 7:30 o'clock and went to the Queen & Crescent railway depot, where he bought a ticket to Cincinnati, arriving there the same

night. He remained there a day or two and then decided to go north. He made his way to that part of the country by easy stages, working his way on freight trains.

"He finally arrived in Chicago, where he remained until he got a chance to work his way on a freight train into Wisconsin. There he penetrated deep into the woods, where he finally secured work in a lumber camp. There he remained several weeks, until probably the excitement following his disappearance had blown over, as he declares that he never saw a paper in which there was any reference to him. He declares that no papers came to the lumber camp while he was at work there. The camp was far in the hills, and no newspapers were needed there, he supposed. That is where he got his hands hardened.

"Finally, he became tired of the lumber camp, and having some money by that time, he decided to get out of there and try some other kind of work. He finally landed in Bloomington, Illinois, where he has been for the last few weeks working as a waiter in a restaurant. A few days ago he decided to come in the direction of home, and finally arrived at Evansville, Ind. There he met a man whom he knew, who told him the police and University people were looking for him, and that he might be punished.

"This frightened my brother, so that when he reached Owensboro, having borrowed a dollar from his uncle, who is a conductor on a train, he was prepared to tell any sort of a story that came to his mind first, and the composition in the Owensboro dispatches was the result."

HISTORY OF IT.

Continued from page 1.)

dissatisfied with Lexington and desired to return to his former work in Oklahoma, and they thought that after he left home the night he disappeared, he went on to the railroad yards and rode on a freight train out of Lexington.

Another persistent theory was that he was being held by the students at the college because he refused to join one of their fraternities. This theory was followed up by searching the college buildings, but nothing came of it. The students repeatedly denied any knowledge of the affair and the classes appointed committees to try to find the boy.

A person living near the University claimed to have heard some one call for help on that fateful Tuesday night that Smith disappeared, and the student that was being hazed cried out that they were beating him up.

The first clue found backed up the theory first given by the detectives that the boy was being held by hazing. This clue was the letter found in Ernest Smith's mail box signed with a "black hand," and saying: "You had better stop this investigation."

The second clue was the letter received from Decatur, Ill., purporting

to come from Willis Smith and ordering the investigation stopped.

His father, Rev. Willis E. Smith, of Melrose, N. M., was not notified until after he had been missing for two days, as it was thought he would return.

Circulars were sent to all the large cities with requests to look out for him, and to report to Lexington as soon as found. Detectives were active among students, but absolutely no clue was discovered.

Young Smith is the son of Rev. Willis E. Smith of Melrose, New Mexico, who at that place is pastor of a Presbyterian church, and formerly lived in Owensboro. The missing man has three brothers, Frampton Smith, of Owensboro; Prof. A. E. Smith, of Hindman, and L. Ernest Smith, of Lexington; besides several sisters, among them Mrs. W. E. Hubbard, also of Owensboro. Young Smith went to school to his brother in Hindman before coming to State University, and it was this brother who came to Lexington to help in the search and who offered the \$50 reward.

OUR SAY.

Continued from page 1.)

lieve it, but we do; we know how anxious cub and even full grown bear reporters are for a "beat," or a piece of good news that the rival papers have failed to get, and we don't blame the different editorials and such things which were all over the State, condemning the students, the faculty, and the directors of our beloved University—they don't understand. They are people who have never been to college, perhaps never have seen one, and don't understand college boys. One can never understand college boys if one never did go to college. These people form their ideas of college boys from stories which they have read concerning raids and depredations which college boys have made; but—what's the use, they don't understand.

We know that we college boys don't do right all the time, and perhaps the majority of us seldom do as our mothers would have us do, but you who have gone to college understand. The people who have not been to college, (we mean a college, and not some small seminary or institute) take everything we do literally and seriously, which you that understand see they shouldn't. But the time will come when universal peace and such improvements which we are to see in the twentieth century, will give every boy and girl a chance for higher education. When that time comes, there will be no need for criminal courts, no need for jails and penitentiaries, but the angel of universal peace and education will protect alike the laborer's cottage and the President's mansion, the honeysuckle-clad homes of the cavalier of the South and the homes of the Puritans of the North. Then will a man be as a brother unto every other.

We Have Heard

That a certain drug store down the street is having a cut price sale. Now we never have anything sensational like this, but you just come down and compare our prices with these sensational cut prices and see if we don't treat our customers better than they do. We rely on the good sense of our customers, and don't think that they would buy a cheap something for the same price that we offer the best.

Lexington Drug Co.

The Mosa Convenient Store in Lexington

Corner Main & Lime

PHOENIX HOTEL BLDG.

W. B. WILSON

K. O. CAYCE

The POSTER college

Pennants and Pillows At Reduced Prices

The College Poster only 25c

An excellent Xmas Present

Wilson & Cayce, Fairview

POPULARITY CONTEST
COUPON
10 VOTES
The IDEA: I wish to have this
vote placed to the credit of
Name.....
College.....
Sincerely yours,
.....
Not good after Dec. 24.

1500

Fine Suits

College Brand included

Go on Sale to-day at Greatly Reduced Prices

Hats,

Shirts,

Neckwear,

Underwear

Arrail, included in this Sale

Graves
Cox & Co.

"The College
Fellows' Shop"

PREHISTORIC SMITH.

Quaternary Epoch—Post-Pliocene Period.

A man sat on a rock and sought Refreshment from his thumb; A dinotherium wandered by And scared him some.

His name was Smith. The kind of rock
He sat upon was shale; One feature quite distinguished him,—
He had a tail.

The danger past, he fell into A reverie austere, While with his tail he whisked a fly From off his ear.

"Mankind deteriorates," he said, "Grows weak and incomplete; And each new generation seems Yet more effete.

"Nature abhors imperfect work, And on it lays a ban; And all creation must despise A tailless man.

"But Fashion's dictates rule supreme, Ignoring common sense; And Fashion says, to dock your tail Is just immense.

"And children now come in the world With half a tail or less; Too stumpy to convey a thought, And meaningless.

"It kills expression. How can one Set forth, in words that drag, The best emotions of the soul Without a wag?"

Sadly he mused upon the world, Its folly and its woes; Then wiped the moisture from his eyes And blew his nose.

But clothed in earrings, Mrs. Smith Came wandering down the dale; And, smiling, Mr. Smith arose And wagged his tail.

—David Law Proudfit.

WILLIS.

(To be sung to the tune of "Father, Dear Father, Come Home to Me Now.")

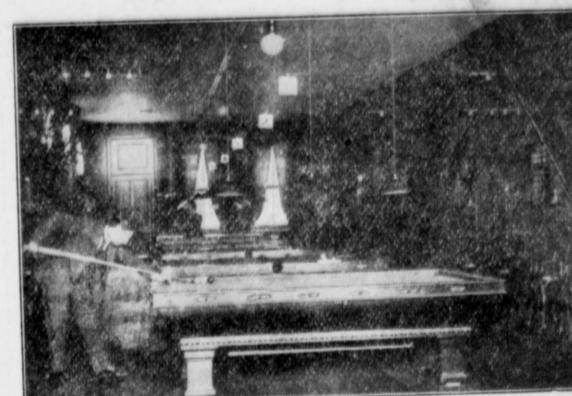
Oh, Willis, dear Willis, come back here today, We miss you so much, yes we do, You're causing Desha and others to say That we've made sewer-pipe out of you.

CHORUS—

Come home, come home, Oh, Willis, come back here today, You're causing Desha and others to say That we've made sewer-pipe out of you.

Oh, Willis, dear Willis, we've heard

THE IDEA



2½

CENTS
A
CUE

YARID'S POOL & BILLIARD PARLOR
161 E. MAIN Street
Opposite Union Station

NAVEN LAUNDRY

BROADWAY AND CHURCH

T. F. BUTLER, Agent

Room 36

Old Dormitory

that you're here,
That you've come all the way from
the West,
It took an old frat for to start you
my dear,
And sixteen stout men did the
rest.

CHORUS—

Oh, Willis, dear Willis, a hero you
are,
A brave among tyrants and foes,
You did things that bigger than you
would not dare,
When you stepped on those sixteen men's toes.

CHORUS—

Oh, Willis, dear Willis, come back
to us here,
That we may give you your reward
The lake has been filled since you
left us, my dear,
And we'll soak you in it good and
and hard.

CHORUS.

MECHANICAL.

The work in the Mechanical department for the Sophomore Class will give the members a run for their money this term. We have a hold on analytics from last term and therefore it should not be so hard. Descriptive geometry, calculus, and surveying, however, being new, are liable to give us some trouble. If we can judge the physics this term by that of last, we might as well give it up before we look in the book. Shops will not be very hard to any but the lazy. Work in other classes has begun and for the Freshman it has stiffened a little.

The Mechanical and Electrical Engineering Record is now out.

Mr. H. Lee Moore is very ill of typhoid fever at his home in Georgetown. Mr. Moore is one of the most

popular members of the Sophomore Mechanical Engineering Class, and the entire University extends to Mr. Moore its hopes for a speedy recovery.

UNEXPECTED RESULTS.

MISS KAUFMAN LEADS BY A
LARGE MAJORITY. CHEM-
ISTRY SHARKS GET
BUSY.

The result this week is very unexpected to many students at State, and shows the uncertainty of the contest. Some other girl who stands as low as Miss Kaufman did last week, may be ahead next week; that is, if the Chemistry sharks don't work as hard as they did last week.

Get a move on, you fellows, and get votes for your choice, by getting subscriptions to the Idea. Every one should subscribe to the Idea now while it is easy to do so.

The Idea would like to announce that, in case of a tie when the contest closes, the first prize will be divided among those who tie, and the flag will go to the girl who has the next highest number of votes.

The results for this week are—	
Sarah Kaufman	1010
Cary Williams	720
Lida Jones	550
Ethelyn Egbert	520
Mattie Cary	310
Lillian Ferguson	300
Verna Sink	110
Miss Doty	100
Nell Wallis	100
Sallie Bennett	100
Hester Lowery	
Ethel Bryant	
Mary Spencer	

"Willis says he started the family several times away, but after he had started letters found it impossible to them."

